

# The Mirror

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

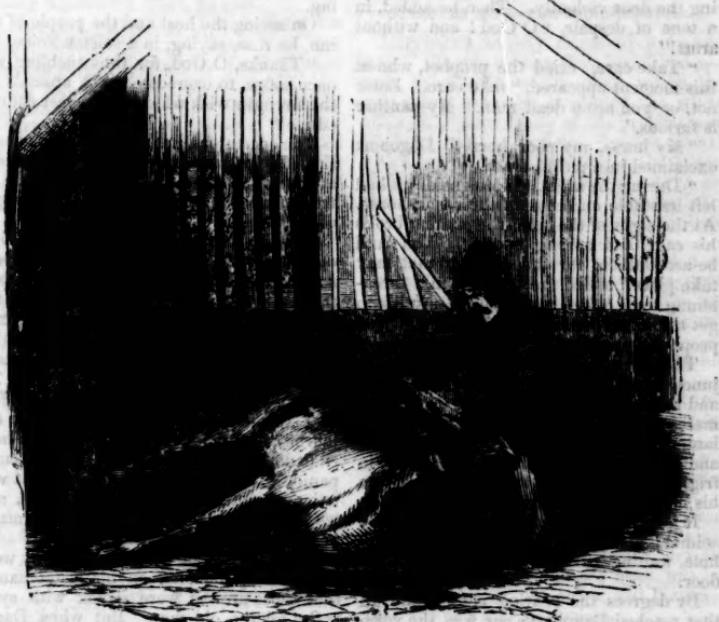
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## THE WANDERING JEW.



DAGOBERT AND HIS HORSE.

### The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

#### PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

#### CHAPTER XI.—JOVIAL AND THE PANTHER.

No sooner had Morok led Jovial into the middle of his menagerie, than the lion, the tiger, and the panther sprang to the bars of their cages, while the poor horse—from whose face the covering had been withdrawn—stood stupefied as if nailed to the ground, trembling in every limb. The lion and tiger roared frightfully, but the pan-

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ther, in mute determination, went to the extremity of the cage, and bounded with tremendous force upon the iron bars, which shook under the strength of the starving animal. As it was preparing for its third leap, the horse, in the midst of its stupor, neighed piteously, and ran to the door by which it had entered, but finding it shut, it lowered its head, and snuffed the fresh air which came from a hole at the bottom. The prophet approached the panther's cage as the animal was taking its third leap, which was done with such force that the iron bars gave way, and it fell into the stable. For an instant it remained motionless, as if calculating the distance of the leap required to reach the horse—then sprang upon it, seized it by the throat, at the same time thrusting its claws into

its breast, and opening the jugular vein, whence a torrent of blood flowed.

Suddenly these words struck upon the ear of the poor horse: "Courage, Jovial, courage, my old friend." It was Dagobert, who had reached the door, and was trying to force it open, but the weight of the struggling animals that were behind baffled his efforts.

At the sound of that well-known voice, the dying horse turned its head round, and in reply to its master, neighed piteously.

"Help, help!" shouted Dagobert, shaking the door violently. Then he added, in a tone of despair, "O God! and without arms!"

"Take care," cried the prophet, who at this moment appeared, "take care. Enter not, or you are a dead man. My panther is furious."

"My horse, my poor horse!" Dagobert exclaimed in a pitiful tone.

"During the night," Morok said, "it had left its stable, and entered the coach-house. At the sight of the horse the panther broke his cage, and sprang upon it. You shall be accountable for the damage that may take place," added the prophet, in a threatening tone, "for I must hazard my life to get the animal again into its cage." The prophet then disappeared.

The roaring of the wild beasts, in conjunction with the groaning of the horse, and the cries of its master, awoke the inmates of the hotel. The ostler, with a lantern in his hand, ran up to Dagobert, and on learning what had happened, he, in fright, hastened back to the inn to inform his master.

It is easy to conceive the anxiety of the soldier; his face pale, his ear at the key-hole, waiting till the prophet opened the door.

By degrees the roaring ceased, and all that reached Dagobert's ear was the voice of the prophet, saying,

"Death, I say, come here—Death!"

The night was exceedingly dark, therefore Dagobert could not perceive Goliah stealing along the roofs of the stables, and enter the granary by means of the window of the coach-house.

Soon afterwards the landlord appeared, with a gun over his shoulder, followed by a number of men, armed with pitch-forks and cudgels.

"What's the matter?" said he, on approaching Dagobert, "to have such disturbances in my hotel. May the devil take this exhibitor of wild beasts, and the careless people who do not know how to fasten a horse to its manger."

The soldier waved his hand, beseeching them to be quiet, and continued listening.

Suddenly a fearful roaring was heard, accompanied by a shriek,

"Without doubt," said the landlord, "you are the cause of much mischief. Did you not hear Morok cry? Probably he is dangerously wounded."

Dagobert was about to reply, when the door opened, and Goliah appeared, saying,

"You can go in. There is now no longer danger."

The interior of the menagerie, at this moment, offered a singular spectacle. The prophet pale, trying to hide his inward emotion, was on his knees, and from the movement of his lips, appeared to be praying.

On seeing the host and the people of the inn, he rose, saying, in a solemn voice,

"Thanks, O God, for thus enabling me, once more, to overcome these animals by the strength with which thou hast endowed me!"

The spectators, unaware of the armour that the prophet wore under his pelisse, attributed the fear of the panther to the intrepidity and almost supernatural strength of the prophet.

Not far from the den, and in the midst of a pool of blood, lay the carcass of poor Jovial, at the sight of which Dagobert threw himself upon his knees, lifted up the head of the unfortunate animal, and fixed his gaze upon the half-closed eyes which poor Jovial had turned towards his much-loved master. Dagobert, forgetting his rage, and thinking only of the sad effect that this accident would have upon the journey of the young girls, and of the horrible death of his poor old horse—his companion in fatigues, faithful animal, that was twice wounded, even as his master, and which had not left him for so many years.

The struggles of the soldier's heart were so strikingly depicted on his countenance, that those around were struck with sympathy for the old man. But when Dagobert thought of Jovial being his companion in exile; that the mother of the orphans had, like her daughters, undertaken a perilous excursion with that unfortunate creature; and that his loss would at once prove fatal to the interests of the orphans, grief gave way to rage. He started to his feet, seized with one hand the prophet by the throat, and with the other dealt out half-a-dozen fearful blows, which, thanks to Morok's coat of mail, were rendered of little avail.

"Scoundrel," the veteran cried, "you shall account for the death of that poor animal."

Active and bold though Morok was, he could not compete with Dagobert, who, besides gaining an advantage by his height, displayed energy and activity in every blow he dealt, and it was with great difficulty that the inn-keeper and Goliah succeeded

in freeing the prophet from the iron grasp of the old grenadier.

"It is truly shameful," cried the host, looking at Dogober. "Have you not caused this worthy man to risk his life for you? and not contented, you now resort to open violence. Shame upon your grey hairs; you conducted yourself otherwise yesterday evening."

These words brought the soldier to a sense of his imprudence. He was a stranger, travelling with two helpless orphans. Struggling with his excited feelings, and making a powerful effort, he said,

"You are right, sir; I have been too hasty. But do you not think that that man ought to indemnify me for the loss of my horse? Now judge for yourself."

"Not at all; the blame rests entirely with you," said the host, evidently showing a partiality for the prophet. "You did not fasten your horse properly; it left the stable in the night time, and wandered into the coach-house, the door of which must have been open."

"That is right," said Goliah. "I left the door ajar to give the beasts air. The cages were shut, and there was no danger."

"It was," added a third, "the sight of the horse that rendered the panther furious. It is the prophet that has most to complain of."

"Your opinions," said Dogober, losing his patience, "matter little. I say I must have, this instant, money or a horse: yes, this instant, for I wish to leave this ill-omened house."

"And I say," cried Morok, holding up, with theatrical effect, his bleeding hand, which he had previously concealed under his pelisse: "I say, you must indemnify me for my loss. Look what the panther has done. Perhaps I shall lose the use of my hand for life."

This last incident assured the sympathy and interest of the bystanders.

"There is only one way to settle the question," said the innkeeper. "Fritz, run to the burgomaster; he will decide the matter. He will not be pleased at being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour; and," added the host, addressing Dogober, "to screen myself from all blame, bring me your papers. I neglected asking for them in the evening."

"They are in my bag, up stairs. I shall go and fetch them," said the soldier: then turning away his head, and covering his face with his hands, as he passed the bleeding carcass of Jovial, he went to the room where the orphans were.

The prophet looked after him with an air of satisfaction, saying to himself, "Behold him without a horse, without money, without papers. I have now succeeded in ful-

filling my orders. Every one will decide against the soldier. I can now make sure of a stop being put to his journey, at least for a few days."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Karl, the comrade of Goliah, set out for Leipzig with a letter which Morok had written hastily, and which he was to post on his arrival there.

This was the address of the letter: "Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, Mr. Rodin, 11, Millieu-des-Ursins-street, Paris, France."

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE BURGOMASTER.

Dagober's anxiety increased more and more. He was certain that Jovial had not gone voluntarily to the place where the wild beasts were; he attributed the whole affair to the malignity of the prophet, and tried in vain to account for the ill-will which evidently was rankling in the bosom of Morok. He shrank at the idea that his cause, good though it was, depended entirely on the temper of a judge hurried out of his bed in the middle of the night.

Resolved on concealing every thing as long as possible from the orphans, he opened the door, at the outside of which was Rabat-Joie. The soldier, on finding all dark, started in astonishment, saying,

"My children, how is it that you are without a light?"

There was no reply. In fright, he ran to the bed, took the hand of one of the orphans, but that hand was cold."

"Rose, my children," the distracted soldier cried. Stillness succeeded the agitated accents of Dagober.

At that instant the moon peered from behind a thick cloud, and cast its rays into the chamber and upon the bed where the orphans were lying. Rose's head was hid in the bosom of her sister, and Blanche's face was pale and motionless.

"They have fainted; poor things." The veteran took a corner of his handkerchief, poured some brandy upon it, and bathed the temples of the orphans. The brandy had its desired effect. Rose moved slightly, sighed, opened her eyes; and then, in fright, threw herself into her sister's arms.

"My children, be not afraid; it is your own Dagober."

"Oh, Dagober! Is it you? We are saved! O, Dagober!"

"You have been frightened, my children. How is it that the lamp is out? Tell me, my little ones. There is something that I don't understand about this inn; curse the day that I entered it: we will leave it soon. What took place, my children, in my absence?"

"You had scarcely gone out, when the window was violently opened, and the table and the lamp fell with a horrible

crash. We screamed; we don't know what took place afterwards. But what was the matter with Jovial? it was he that was neighing when you left us."

This question pierced the heart of the veteran, who replied, with an air of embarrassment,

"Yes, Jovial neighed, but it was nothing. We must have a light. Do you know where I put my tinder-box yesterday evening? I'm forgetting myself; it's in my pocket."

The soldier lighted the candle, went to the window, shut it, lifted up the table, placed his bag upon it, then plunged his hand into the secret pocket where his purse and papers were, and found that it was empty. Stupified and bewildered, he staggered backwards, crying, "Nothing!" A faint hope seemed to break in upon him, and brightened for a moment his bewildered countenance. He emptied the contents of his bag upon the table. He removed every article, looked at this, turned over that, but neither could he find his purse nor his papers. He seized the orphans' pelisse, searched every corner, but nothing could he find. The face of Dagobert was covered with cold perspiration, while his knees shook under him. He advanced towards the orphans, asking,

"Did I give you the papers to keep? Tell me."

Rose and Blanche, frightened at the pale and disturbed countenance of Dagobert, instead of answering, screamed. Then Rose demanded, "O Dagobert, Dagobert, what is the matter?"

"Have you, or have you them not? If not, I shall take the first knife I find, and plant it in my heart."

The orphans, in weeping, stretched forth their little hands in supplication. Dagobert heeded them not. For an instant he stood as if the reality of his situation, with its fatal consequences, were passing before his mind; then he fell on his knees at the bed of the orphans, and pressing his forehead with his hands, he muttered: "Pardon! pardon! I know not what I'm doing. O God, what misfortune."

The orphans, who did not yet know the cause of all this grief, wound their arms round the grey head of the old man, and said, with tears running down their cheeks: "O, look at us, dear Dagobert; tell us what ails you. Are we to blame?"

A noise of footsteps was heard upon the stairs, which was succeeded by the barking of Rabat Joie.

"Call your dog away, sir; it is the burgomaster."

These words brought to Dagobert's recollection a sense of his present condition. His horse was dead; he was without his papers, without money; and one day behind

the appointed time would ruin the prospects of the orphans, and render their long journey fruitless.

Dagobert knew that his only hope lay in the justice of the burgomaster; and he summoned up every effort to render himself as favorable as possible in the eyes of his judge. He rose, wiped his forehead, assumed a resolute air, and opened the door, crying,

"Come here, Rabat Joie. Be still."

The dog reluctantly obeyed his master, who opened the door of the room, and caused it to enter.

The landlord, a lantern in one hand and his cap in the other, appeared preceding the burgomaster, behind whom were seen, half-obscured, the countenances of the people of the inn.

The burgomaster looked surprised, when Dagobert shut the door of the orphans' apartment, and demanded in a gruff voice why he did so?

"Because," said Dagobert, respectfully, "there are two young girls, who are confined to my care, sleeping in that room; besides, your questions might make them uneasy. Sit down upon this form, your worship; I think it will do as well."

"And what right have you to think so?" said the judge, with an offended air.

"Pardon me, your worship," said the soldier, submissively, finding he had excited the temperament of the burgomaster; "as these poor girls are already in bed, and trembling from fear, I even ask yourself if it would be proper to interrogate me before them?"

"Humph! true!" muttered the burgomaster. "It was worth my trouble, indeed, to come out in the middle of the night. Well, let it be so; I will examine you here." Then, turning to the inn-keeper, he said, "Put your lantern upon that stool, and leave us."

The innkeeper did as he was told, and was followed by the people of the inn, who seemed disappointed at not being allowed to be present at the examination.

The magistrate and the veteran were then left by themselves.

(*To be continued.*)

#### HISTORY OF ROME.

BY PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF  
THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE SEIZURE OF THE SABINES.

Romulus, having built his city, set about getting up a constitution of king, lords, and commons. With wonderful generosity he assured the band of thieves and convicts,

who formed his population, that he would rather not be Romulus I; but the more he would not be king the more they would not have any body else. He was accordingly obliged to put on the crown: and was also named field-marshall, archbishop, lord chief justice, and colonel of the Greens. Whenever he went out he was preceded by twelve jurymen, called lictors, each carrying an axe and a bundle of faggots, to remind the king, whose father had been a wood-cutter, that he, too, if he did not mind what he was about, might likewise be obliged to "cut his stick."

The House of Lords was composed of one hundred peers, chosen, not as in England for their extreme wisdom, age, and valour, but for their length of pedigree; the king appointed the lord chancellor, who was also lord mayor of the city, and acted as lord lieutenant whenever the king had occasion to go out of town to depopulate the surrounding villages.

The House of Commons, oddly enough, gave their plebeian assent to the bills passed by the king and the lords: so that Rome, in its school-boy doys, began where we end; for now-a-days the commons make all the laws, the House of Lords being the clerks who keep the books, and the queen or king, for the time being, acting as secretary, to sign despatches and read the minutes.

The king was a thorough-going high-church man: church and state was his motto. But, unlike the self-denying bishops of our time, his priests seem to have made a business of what should have been a pleasure, and amassed large fortunes in gulling the people with signs and tokens drawn from the flight of gulls and the colour of sheep's stomachs and goose giblets. In Rome the laws were very severe, and some of them rather one-sided. Divorce was not permitted to the wife, even on payment of a thousand pounds, as with us: but husbands had the privilege of selling or slaughtering their wives and children.

The whole population of Rome, or, which is the same thing, the whole Roman army, consisted of three hundred cavalry and three thousand troops of the line: arranged in three tribes and thirty three companies, with a captain, priest, or entrail-sister, and two justices of the peace to each company.

The English, in their convict colonies, do not seem ever to have felt the want which now pressed upon the Roman settlers—the want of wives. Romulus, however, by an extraordinary foresight, which must appear miraculous to our modern legislators, thought it as well to humanize his convict colony: and as those were days in which everything was done by stratagem and fighting, he invited the élite of the neighbouring country of the Sabines to a

grand *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which inadvertently discovered itself to be a pretty considerable wedding: for some thousand Sabine young ladies, like so many Lady Annes in the play, were suddenly wooed and suddenly won by the glozing words and glittering swords of so many young Romans.

Our former chapter recorded the birth, the present may be said to recount the marriage, of Rome.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE MIRROR.

### IN A CENTURY OF HEXASTICKS.

#### 1. ACROSTIC.

"M i r o u r,"\* writes quaint Piers, " Mirrour bright," & says Spenser: I s't this " gret Mirrour,"‡ that dark " Myrour"! you are? R eeffective Mirror, critic, yet not censor! Right ancient friend, than all we'll deem thee truer! O r art thou " Myrrour ¶ of Examplarie," R oyal old Gower had in his mind's eye.

#### 2. RETROSPECTIVE.

To hold the " Mirror " up to changeless Nature,  
To hold the " Mirror " up to changeful Art.  
To shew to each her own peculiar feature,  
This, for some score of years has been our part.  
And we beg Art and Nature's kindly pardon,  
If either Art or Nature we've been hard on.

#### 3. TRANSITION.

"The 'Mirror' has grown old," some people say,  
Nor now reflects as in its prime of yore.  
Kind people, do reflect now, in your way,  
Is not the time we live in found a bore?  
'Tis all transition—neither false nor true,  
And all old things are just becoming new.

#### 4. THE IDEA.

"All flesh," the wisest man has said, "is grass,"  
And wisely spoke he that one "much in little,"  
All Mind, he likewise might have said, is glass—  
Sparkling, obscure, dull, clear, and somewhat brittle.  
The mind a mirror is—a crystal state,  
Reflecting forth the shows of secret fate.

#### 5. EXTREMES MEET.

The ocean is a Mirror, and reflects  
The eternal majesty, above, around.  
And the insect's eye upon its ball projects  
Not less the outer world within its bound.  
Thus, as a " Mirror," meet the boundless deck  
Of the loud ocean, and that tiny speck.

#### 6. FRENCH CHALK.

The crayon traced upon the " Mirror's " face.  
Remains unseen till assailed with a breath.  
So sometimes greatness springeth from disgrace.  
And so true life may spring from seeming death.  
Yet shall we hope (our simple pride forgive),  
This " Mirror " ours, may, without dying, live.

\* This spelling in Piers' Ploughman, *passim*.

† Faerie Queene.

‡ Don Chaucer. Knight's Tale, 1401.

§ Wycliffe's Bible. "Myrrour in darkenesse." 1 Cor. c. 13.

¶ The Mirror's " Mirror."

|| Gower's Con. A.

## THE MIRROR.

## 7. THE MIRROR OF THE TIMES.

Where shall we find the Mirror of the times?  
The Stage? the Church? the Press? the *Times*?  
or *Punch*?  
What poet painteth them in fiery rhymes?  
The people's railway, and the royal lunch?  
That which reflects is ne'er itself reflected,  
In the pure mind that Mirror is detected.

(To be continued).

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## ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XX.—PUBLIC REJOICINGS, FASTS, AND FESTIVALS.

Merry days for school-boys were those of the eighteenth century; and many a fine morning, when confined to the desk and form with every prospect of sitting there six days out of the seven, have I wished that I had been born a hundred years before, when there were such things as fast-days, and days of thanksgiving, and holidays.

Zealous protestants as were our grand-sires, with their "riots of '80," and "No Popery," they still followed the popish practice of observing saint-days, and the usual festivals of the Romish church. Business was, in a great measure, suspended, and every place of worship opened, on the anniversary of any of the saints. This day was dedicated to St. Jude—that was sacred to St. Matthew; to-day was the feast of the conversion of St. Paul—to-morrow the fast of Shrove Tuesday; and all feasts and fasts, saint's days and sinner's days, were—holidays!

And then, besides these spiritual festivals, there were celebrations of worldly events. There was the martyrdom of King Charles, the restoration of his son, and the discovery of the gunpowder plot—these, too, were holidays.

Then came the "days of thanksgiving," when the king had recovered from a sickness, or the queen been delivered of a child. Thanks were returned for every victory—in other words, whenever we had slaughtered some thousands of soldiers, or sent a man-of-war with her crew to the bottom of the ocean, such matters were commemorated by a general thanksgiving day. Not content with publicly thanking the Almighty for being allowed to satiate our bloodthirsty propensities, we testified our joy at every victory by other means—guns boomed the glorious intelligence from the Tower-wharf—flags streamed from the masts of ships—the liberated school-boy shouted the songs which had been written on the occasion,

with a loud voice and cheerful face—shops were closed and churches opened. But in the evening was seen the grand consummation of rejoicing, when the streets were crowded with noisy thousands, all pouring anxiously to the west end of the town to see "the general illumination." A stranger would have imagined that every inhabitant, rich and poor, participated heartily in the national rejoicing, for every house exhibited its devices of many coloured lamps and rows of lighted candles. But there was another powerful and active agent at work to promote this unanimity of purpose, and that was, a terror of the mob, who had a laudable propensity for breaking the windows of such refractory householders as refused to "light up," and thus testify their patriotism on so brilliant an event. Very differently did they show their admiration of any grand device or attractive transparency, and long and loud were the cheers which the mob sent forth to greet the ears of those who, in the exuberance of their joy, had been thoughtless of expense in producing a grand display, and whose houses presented a grand display of light.

## CHAPTER XXI.—PUBLIC SERVANTS.

Reader! hast thou ever experienced the misery, when, bedecked in a holiday costume, thou hast been proceeding on a visit to thy rich uncle, thy sweetheart, thy very particular maiden aunt, or any other personage of importance—hast thou, I say, on such an occasion, had the misfortune to step on a shattered paving-stone, which, falling into the adjoining puddle, has sent its muddy deluge over thy polished boots? if so, thou wilt have severely felt the loss of a most important set of public servants who once were seen in the streets of London—the shoe-blacks of the eighteenth century.

When the pavements were rugged and uneven—when there were no such things as omnibuses or cabs, but the unhappy passenger was compelled to pay his seven-shilling-piece or walk—when the foot-paths were dotted with quagmires and puddles, and the roads little better than "running streams with sandy bottoms"—when these things were, it was no uncommon occurrence to cover your shoes with mud in the course of a quarter of an hour's walk. Then it was that the dandy, who had just received a liberal splash from the miry kennel, would rush to the corner of the street, where he

would seldom fail of meeting with a shoe-black,\* who at once removed all his cares with the dirt from off his shoe. And there the poor shoe-black would stand, from morning, with his three-legged stool by his side, and his brushes in his hand, receiving his humble fees, bowing politely to his customers, and nodding merrily to the chairmen and running footmen.

And what has become of these "chairmen and running footmen"? They, too, are gone—vanished with the age in which they lived; shoe-blacks, running footmen, lackies, chairmen, and link-bearers, all—all are gone! The cry of "chair! chair!" is superseded by that of "cab! cab!" and horses take the place of men. But it was a noisy crew that assembled without the theatre doors during the hours of performance, or around the palace gate while the king held his levee, or the queen her drawing-room. And, when the entertainments were over, forth would issue the fashionable crowd, and impatient shouts of "chair! chair!" would echo on all sides. Then the chairmen would suspend their mirth to hand their passengers into their respective chairs, and, each grasping the projecting handle, and slinging the band around his neck, trot off, bearing between them their living burthen, and followed by the motley crowd of link-bearers and running footmen.

#### THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

In the introduction to the first volume of Zoology of Carpenter's Popular Cyclopaedia, just published, we find the following accurate remarks, and striking instances of the "wisdom of our ancestors" in connection with Science. Dr. Carpenter says:—"There are two tendencies which exist, more or less, in almost every mind; and which must be especially guarded against by those who desire to render that study of Nature alike beneficial to their own minds, whilst promoting the improvement of science. These are, the love of the marvellous; and the inclination to rest satisfied with superficial resemblances. An amusing illustration of the effects of these may be drawn from a

large volume, entitled 'Gerarde's Herbal,' first published near the end of the 16th century, but looked up to by many of a generation, not long since passed, as their chief botanical authority. 'Having travelled,' he says at the conclusion of his volume, 'from the grasses growing in the bottom of the fenny waters, the woods, and mountains, even unto Lebanon itself—and also the sea and bowels of the same—we arrived at the end of our history; thinking it not impertinent to the conclusion of the same to end with one of the marvels of this land, we may say of the world—the history whereof, to set forth according to the worthiness and variety thereof, would not only require a large and peculiar volume, but also a deeper search into the bowels of Nature than my intended purpose will suffer me to wade into, my sufficiency also considered. There are found in the north parts of Scotland, and the islands adjacent, called Orchades, certain trees whereon do grow certain shells of a white colour, tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures; which shells, in time of maturity, do open, and out of them grow those little living things, which falling into the water, do become fowls, which we call barnacles, in the north of England brant-geese, and in Lancashire tree-geese; and the other that do fall upon the land, perish and come to nothing. Thus much by the writings of others, and also from the mouths of people of those parts, which may very well accord with truth.'

"*But what our eyes have seen and our hands have touched,*" continues the author, doubtless with full sincerity, "*we shall declare.* There is a small island in Lancashire called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and bruised ships, some whereof have been cast thither by shipwreck, and also the trunks and bodies, with the branches of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise, whereon is found a certain spume or froth, that in time breedeth unto certain shells, in shape like those of a mussel, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour: wherein is contained a thing in form like a lace of silk finely woven as it were together, of a whitish colour, one end whereof is fastened unto the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oysters and mussels are; the other end is made fast unto the belly of a rude mass or lump, which in time cometh to the shape and form of a bird; when it is perfectly

\* These men, who were generally cripples, are supposed to have earned, on an average, about eightpence or tenpence a day by their callings. Their profits of course fluctuated, and were dependent, in a great measure, on the state of the weather and the streets.

formed, the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string; next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill. In short space it cometh to full maturity, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowl, bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose, having black and white, spotted in such manner as our magpie, called in some places a pie annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjacent, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best may be bought for threepence. For the truth hereof, if any doubt, *may it please them to repair unto me, and I shall satisfy them by the testimony of credible witnesses.*

"It is scarcely conceivable how any one could have been sold away by the love of the marvellous, as to rest upon the most superficial resemblance, in proof of the extraordinary supposition, that from a barnacle is produced a bird; especially when the author tells us that so far he is satisfied by his own observation, of 'what his eyes have seen and his hands have touched.'

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KINTORE.



**Arms.**—Quarterly: first and fourth gu., a scimitar and sword in saltire, with an imperial crown in chief within an orle of eight thistles or as a coat of augmentation, for preserving the regalias of Scotland; second and third ar., a chief palmy of six or, and gu. for Keith.

**Crest.**—An angel in a praying posture or, within an orle of laurel ppr.

**Motto.**—*Quae amissa salva.* "What has been lost is safe."

Sir William Keith, knight, was created Earl Marischal of Scotland by James

II, in 1458. That dignity passed in regular succession to George, the 10th earl, but this nobleman taking part in the rebellion of 1715, his honours and estates were confiscated by an act of attainder, in 1716. His lordship withdrew to Prussia, where he obtained the friendship and confidence of Frederick III, by whom he was sent to France in the quality of ambassador, and subsequently to Spain, where he discovered the secret of the Family Compact, which he communicated to Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), who made such a representation of the subject to George II, that a pardon was granted to him in 1759. He was afterwards enabled by an act of Parliament to inherit estates, received a grant of public money, and died at Potsdam in 1789. His brother George Keith, became a Russian field marshal, and passing into the service of Prussia, was killed in the battle of Hockirchin, Oct. 14, 1758.

The Hon. Sir John Keith, knt., third son of William, 6th earl marischal, by Lady Mary Erskine, was elevated to the peerage, June 26, 1677, by the title of Baron Keith, of Inverarie, and Keith Hall, and Earl of Kintore, having been appointed in 1660 knight marischal of Scotland, when that office was made hereditary in his family in consideration of the loyalty he had displayed in preserving the regalias of Scotland from falling into the hands of Cromwell. Sir John Keith had the ensigns of royalty safely conveyed from Dunmore Castle, and concealed underground in the church of Kinneff. Sailing immediately for France, it was supposed that he had carried them away, and no further search was made for them: He obtained a new grant of his honours in 1694, extending the reversion to his own female heirs, and to the male issue of his brother George. He married Margaret, daughter of Thomas, second earl of Haddington, and was succeeded in 1714, by his only son William. He joined the rebels in 1715, and was in the battle of Sheriff Muir, but appears not to have suffered for the active part he took further than being deprived of his office of marischal of Scotland. He married Catherine, eldest daughter of David, fourth Lord Viscount Stormont, by whom he had two sons, John and William, and a daughter, Catherine, afterwards married to Lord Falconer, of Halkertoun. His lordship died in 1718, and was succeeded by his elder son John, who dying without issue,

in 1758, the honours devolved on his brother William. On his decease, he being unmarried, in 1761, the estates went to George, the tenth, and attainted Earl Marischal, and the peerage remained suspended till his decease in 1778, when it passed to Anthony Adrian Falconer, eighth Lord Falconer, who inherited with it the estate of Kintore, the old castle of Hall Forest, given to the family by Robert I, and Keith Hall. The family of Falconer deduce their origin from Ranulphus, son of Walter de Lunkyn, appointed king's falconer by William the Lion, when he assumed the surname of Falconer. His descendant Alexander, son of Sir Alexander Falconer, was created Lord Falconer, of Halkerton, Dec. 20, 1147, a peerage which descended regularly to David, fifth Lord Falconer, son in law of John, Lord Kintore. Anthony, fifth earl of Kintore, and eighth Lord Falconer, married Miss Lighterman, of Groningen, who died March 26, 1809. By her he had issue, one son and four daughters. The son William succeeded to the title on his lordship's decease, Aug. 30, 1804. He was born Dec. 11, 1766, and married June 18, 1793, to Maria, daughter of Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bart., of Kirkhill. Her ladyship died June 30, 1836. By her he had two sons, and a daughter, Anthony Adrian, William, and Maria. After his demise, Oct. 6, 1812, when the elder son Anthony Adrian, succeeded to the title. He was born April 20, 1794, and created a baron of the empire June 23, 1838: married June 14, 1817, to Juliet, third daughter of the late Robert Renny, Esq., of Barrowfield, North Britain, by whom he had no issue; that Lady Mary died, he again married, Aug. 27, 1821, Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. By this his second lady (who obtained a divorce from him, and afterwards married, April 2, 1840, B. North Arnold, Esq.) his lordship had three sons, the eldest of whom William Adrian, Lord Inverury, was killed by a fall from his horse. Francis, the second son, succeeded to the title on the death of his lordship on the 11th inst.

#### ANECDOTES OF EARL ELDON.

"Old Baga" was the name given by George the Fourth to "the keeper of his conscience" (no common-place treasure). This eminent lawyer, it seems, was a collector of anecdotes. Mr. Horace Twiss has favoured the public with this. Some of the collections are very amusing. Lord

Eldon was much complained of, as chancellor, for his habit of doubting. He seems to have carried this habit with him, if not from, to his birth; for thus he opens:—

"The manuscript Anecdote Book, which Lord Eldon wrote in his latter years for his grandson's amusement and information, and of which the most material contents, according to the date of the respective subjects, will be found in the following pages, begins with the cautious record: 'I was born, I believe, on the 4th of June, 1751.'"

This habit of deliberating, he seems to have taken from the motto of a fly, *sat cito, si sat bene*, in which he was conveyed to London, in the short space of four days, which was then deemed wonderfully expeditious—he writes:—

"This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, '*Sat cito, si sat bene.*' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene,*' I may not have sufficiently recollect ed whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence."

The value of a University degree is beautifully illustrated.

"Mr. John Scott took his bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—'An examination for a degree at Oxford,' he used to say, 'was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?"—I replied, "Golgotha."—'Who founded University College?'—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), 'that King Alfred founded it.'—'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.' "

The following anecdotes are amusing:—"I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is

a dissenter."—"Oh!" said the Doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can."

*An Apple-Pie Story.* — "The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie *that could not be eaten*. So said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision: for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been."

*Baron Hotham.* — A man may be a good judge though no great lawyer, as the following anecdote and comment prove: —

"When Mr. Hotham was made Baron of the Exchequer, who had never had any business at the Bar, but who, by the effect of great natural good sense and discretion, made a good judge, he gave, as usual, a dinner at Serjeants' Inn, to the judges and the serjeants. Serjeant Hill drank his health thus: — 'Mr. Baron Botham, I drink your health.' Somebody gently whispered the serjeant, aloud, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Baron Hotham, I beg your pardon for calling you Mr. Botham—but none of us heard your name in the profession before this day.'

*Earnings of a Year.* — "When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Foster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should

be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

*Lord Mansfield.* This nobleman had a great dread of the press. He gave levees on Sunday evenings, which were attended by the bar. At one of them he ventured a most formidable prediction. Lord Eldon says, "It happened, on that evening. I was the first, and the then Duke of Northumberland came second; he had just been at Bath, and he was expatiating upon the enjoyment he had had there. 'But,' added his grace, 'there is one comfort I could not have. I liked to read the newspapers at breakfast, and at Bath the post does not come in till one o'clock: that was a drawback to my pleasure.' — 'Sir,' said Lord Mansfield, 'your Grace likes the *comfort* of reading newspapers—the *comfort* of reading newspapers!' — Mark my words. You and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman, Mr. Scott, may,—or it may be a little later,—but, a little sooner or later, those newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out their titles and possessions, and the country out of its King. Mark my words for this *will* happen."

*Jemmy Boswell.* — "At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement,—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him, and half a crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of 'Quare adhæset pavimento,' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that ad-

heres pavimento? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?" The bar laughed. At last one of them said, "My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night adhæsit pavimento. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

*Trial by Jury.*—"I remember," says he, "in the Anecdote Book, Justice Gould trying a case at York; and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box: where is the twelfth?"—"Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me."

We conclude with two anecdotes of Lord Thurlow:—As Sir John Scott's reputation increased, the Prince of Wales became curious to learn the real merits of a lawyer so highly estimated by his party, and by the public. "I should like to hear *your* opinion of him," said the Prince to Lord Thurlow. "Sir," said Lord Thurlow, "I know him to be a very sound lawyer, and a very honest man." In after-times, when it devolved upon Lord Eldon, as the chancellor of George the Third, to take part in proceedings distasteful to the prince, His Royal Highness said tauntingly to Lord Thurlow, "What think you now, my lord, of your old friend Scott, whom you puffed to me as a sound lawyer, and an honest man?"—"Indeed, Sir," answered Thurlow, whose advanced age had abated neither his convenient courtliness nor his jocular coarseness, "I think he has lost the little law he once had, and is become a very great scoundrel."

Lord Thurlow, when chancellor, called me into his room at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and, among other things, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in Chancery. I told him that I should be glad if such a machine could be invented, as my stationer's copy of my pleadings generally cost me more than the fees paid me by the solicitors. Many years after this, and when he had ceased to be chancellor, and I attorney-general, a bill was filed against his friend, Mr. Macnamara, the conveyancer, and Lord Thurlow advised him to have the answer sent to me to be perused and settled. The solicitor brought me the answer. I read it. It was so wretchedly ill-composed and drawn that I told him that not a word of it would

do; that I had not time to draw an answer from beginning to end; that he must get some gentleman to draw an answer from beginning to end who understood pleading, and then bring it to me to peruse. I went down to the House of Lords the same day to plead a cause at the bar there. Lord Thurlow was in the House, and came to the bar to me, and said, "So I understand you think my friend Mac's answer won't do."—"Do!" said I, "my lord, it won't do at all: it must have been drawn by that wooden machine which you formerly told me might be invented to draw bills and answers."—"That's very unlucky," says Thurlow, "and impudent too, if you had known the fact that I drew the answer myself."

#### SINE DIE; OR, WHOLESALE ROBBERY.

To see the scoundrels of our day,  
My swelling bosom often grieves,  
Since robbers in the wholesale way,  
Like these, are never trouneed as thieves.

Though horses, coaches, houses, lands,  
And to amounts that must appal,  
Are seized by their unhallowed hands,  
A brief rebuke they get—that's all.

Where villainy is proved so black,  
That Satan from it would have turned,  
After some dull unmeaning clack,  
The case is *sine die* adjourned.

But that proceeding, be it known,  
Lest it should scare a timid dunce,  
Is used, it quickly could be shown,  
In six or seven years only once.

And this, perhaps, is right at last:  
The scamps described I must agree,  
Before my judgment seat, if past,  
Would get no *sine die* from me.

That others might not justice brave,  
And hope through life to get on gall,

Such hearties, cowardly thieves should have  
*A die*—and that, too, in the *Old Bailey*.

#### THE MURDEROUS SECRET.

In real life perhaps a secret never yet was heard of, so awfully important, as that which last week indisputably proved to be in the possession of Capt. Warner. It has been shown by actual experiment, in the presence of thousands, that a small vessel may be provided with the means of destroying a much larger one, and that, too, in the course of a few minutes, and at a great distance.

The discovery which has produced so tremendous an engine may lead to the most important results. What becomes of the sovereignty of the seas, if a proud fleet can be destroyed by one individual in a packet-boat in a single hour?

## THE MIRROR.

Captain Warner, it is understood, offers to sell his secret. In the time of William IV it was proposed to purchase it, but for the sake of humanity never to suffer it to be used in war, but in case of invasion.

A wish has now been expressed by some well meaning persons that the invention should be discouraged. That cannot be done to any good purpose. However lamentable the consequences may prove, this destructive power is known to exist, and the state must possess it. It would be weakness to suppose that it can always remain exclusively ours. Other parties as scientific as Captain Warner will have their attention directed to the subject, and something equally formidable may be produced. At all events, at some time or other the secret must transpire. Where can it be deposited with safety? Capt. Warner no doubt is a man of honour, but can he, through a series of years, have conducted his experiments with such secrecy that no mortal but himself knows how such effects can be realised. If from such a quarter,—if from him, no revelation of the secret can be feared, it will still leak out, and the nations of the world generally, must have destructive powers at their command till now unknown. How, then, are the future differences of states to be settled—by a war of extermination, or by a reference to appointed umpires. Will the labours of the gallant captain cause a future illimitable slaughter of the species, or will its effect be a saving of human life which philanthropy could never have hoped to behold?

## THE WATER DRINKER.

[A New York paper contains the following elegant stanzas in praise of water, lately recited by Professor Green, at the Collegiate institution].

Oh, water for me! bright water for me,  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!  
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,  
It maketh the faint one strong again:  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,  
All freshness, like infant purity,  
Oh! water, bright water for me, for me,  
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!  
  
Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim,  
Let the flowing chrystral kiss the rim;  
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.  
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.  
So water, pure water for me, for me!  
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!  
For water strengtheneth life and limb!  
To the days of the aged it addeth length.  
To the might of the strong it addeth strength.

It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,  
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light!  
So water, I will drink nought but thee,  
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hill, like a gladsome bride,  
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,  
And leading a band of laughing hours,  
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers;  
Oh! cheerly then my voice is heard  
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,  
Who flingeth abroad his matins load,  
As he freshens his wing in the cold, grey cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,  
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew  
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea.  
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!  
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,  
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night!  
Hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!  
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!  
Hurrah! for bright water! hurrah, hurrah!

## Reviews.

*A New Pocket Guide to the Isle of Wight.*  
To which is prefixed a chapter introductory. By Alfred Whitehead. London: H. G. Clarke, 1844.

"He will carry the island home in his pocket," is the very happy, and very appropriate, motto, from the "Tempest," inscribed on the title-page of this very lively, and yet very useful, *vade mecum* for all travellers to the kingdom of the Isle of Wight. For we learn from Mr. Whitehead what we confess our previous ignorance ament, that the Isle of Wight was created a kingdom for the nonce by Henry VI, and very appropriately bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, whose name is so associated with "king-making" in general. A chapter introductory, and a chapter or two descriptive of the railway route to Southampton; and, to beguile the steam-boat passage to the Island, a chapter geological, philosophical, natural-historical, and historical-general, occupy one-third of the volume, when we incontinently find ourselves landed at Cowes, which we here present to our readers as a specimen of the artistic adornments of the work. The remaining two-thirds are variously and pleasantly filled up with descriptions and reminiscences of every locality of interest or importance in the island; a geographical representation of which, forming the frontispiece, is, by the way, one of the best specimens of the new art of glyptography we have yet seen.

We cannot do better than quote the "Arrival at Cowes."

"At length we have arrived. Delightful trip. We are at Cowes. And now we are besieged by lusty but importunate porters, who board us the moment the packet has ceased to agitate its paddles. 'Cowes—West Cowes—East Cowes—porter, sir, porter'—is the cry, *da capo*, from three-score-

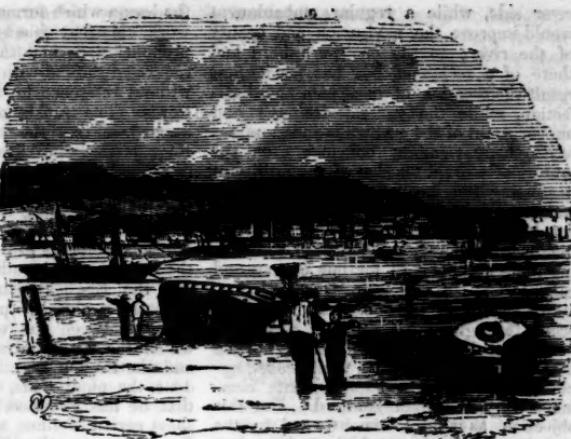
and-ten voices, in every note on the gamut. ‘Want a boat—a boat to East Cowes, sir?’ ‘No, I don’t, I’m going to West Cowes.’ ‘Shall I carry your luggage, sir?’ ‘No, you sha’n’t—I’ve nothing but a carpet-bag, and I can carry that by myself.’ ‘A portmanteau, and these here boxes?—yes, mum—a precious crab, that old file, Bill. This way, mum, to the Fountain.’ And so,

having gained the pier, and passed through the fearful ordeal prepared by self-interest and competition for all travellers, at home and abroad, we make the best of our way to an hotel, wherein to take our ease for half-an-hour, and lay plans for future operations; and in a few minutes we are quietly ensconced in the Vine, which is near the quay, and kept by “mine host” Roper. The view of Cowes from the packet is lively and imposing. The scene is greatly heightened by the quantity of shipping in the harbour and roadstead. The town itself, which is divided into East and West Cowes, being situated on the opposite banks of the river Medina, will not fail to excite in all but the most phlegmatic, vivid anticipations of pleasure and novelty.”

An illustration of Osborne House, and a detailed and eulogistic description of it, is apologised for in the preface on account of its having been the rumoured choice of the sovereign for a residence. The apology is quite requisite. The building is in the modern workhouse or penitentiary style of architecture, which, alas! may be historically called the Victorian, in contrast with the Elizabethan order; and would have been a most unhappy and misappropriate selection for one whose station exposes her to no *work* to be *repeated* of.

*Travels in Ireland.* By J. G. Kohl. Translated from the German.

We are well pleased to perceive that the travels of Mr. Kohl have commended themselves sufficiently to the popular taste, to justify this extremely cheap edition of his work. We need not enter here into the political question, whether O’Connell’s agitation, which has so long distracted Ireland, has been the cause of English neglect of



such a glorious field of profitable investment, or whether it was itself but the effect of that very neglect which it yet tended to confirm. Ireland bids fair to be quiet and calm for a while: let us even take the tide at the flood.

The details presented in this remarkable volume of Irish character and Irish capabilities, afford inexhaustible themes for reflection, and stimulus to beneficial exertion. Ireland possesses in itself the germ of agricultural as well as commercial wealth, the development and encouragement of which might restore health and courage to British enterprise, and take the sting from the party feeling which now sets the owners of land and loom in angry opposition to each other. There is room for the creation of a home-market in Ireland more valuable than any extension of foreign markets now possible can ever be to England! above all foreign, above all colonial, value: combining, indeed, the established wants of the foreign market, with the virgin wealth of distant colonial fields; an abundant population, an abundant soil, only partially cultivated and partially reclaimed from the dominion of nature. Shannon commissioners, and boards of public works, and grand juries, and other corporate and governmental boards, have, from time to time, aided to give effect to aspirations for such objects as we are now discussing, but everything hitherto has been done without system, and therefore without efficient result. “The reclamation of Ireland,” says the *Herald*, a few weeks past, “like the embanking of the Thames, will be, to a great extent, an evil, and not a good, if not authoritatively and systematically conducted. Just as a coal-owner’s wharf here, and a wood-merchant’s quay there, are productive only of accumulation of mud-banks on the

river side, while a regular embankment would improve the navigation and beauty of the river; so the enclosure here and there of a reclaimed bog has for its first result the creation of local pain and disaffection, while the general drainage and improvement of the vast wilds and morasses of Connnaught might convince even the orators of Covent Garden of the futility of neglecting the development of our own home market out of a rare sensibility for the wants of Polish serfs and Egyptian bondmen, whom we prevent from exchanging their surplus corn for our cottons and calicoes."

Mr. Kohl, in the observations which occur throughout his work on this topic, points to a difficulty in the character of the native Irish, who have, in many cases, opposed themselves to improvements commenced by the Irish landlord. But this objection, as is fully demonstrated by the morning journal from which we have just quoted, is completely met by remembering that the reclamation of a bog, like the enclosure of an English common, for the benefit of an individual owner, is not part of any systematic improvement for the general good. Wherever the commissioners of public works have entered upon this great work, they have been cordially seconded by the Irish labourer, who has come many miles from all quarters of Ireland to obtain employment under them, and diligently and quietly prosecuted his task for years. We commend Mr. Kohl's work to all persons desirous of understanding the true position of Ireland; and the travels are not less entertaining than philosophical.

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*French Language acquired in Four Months.*  
By M. de Beauvoisin.

The method adopted by M. de Beauvoisin, has a greater recommendation than novelty to back it—simplicity is its predominant feature, and anything simple must be fully appreciated by the tyro. This, we doubt not, in a great degree, accounts for the popularity which M. de Beauvoisin has acquired as an eminent teacher of the French language. With regard to the title of the book, to the practicability of learning a language in four months, we have our doubts; but if the title was given in contradistinction to the many abstruse grammars, "swollen big" with intricate rules and embarrassing exceptions, now in use, little fault can be found with "French acquired in Four Months."

The author, in his preface, gives, in a few words, an idea of his method, which is carried out with clearness in each of the numbers now before us. He says:—

"The method I adopt in teaching the French language may be illustrated from

the lesson which forms the first part of this work. My first object is to impart a proper pronunciation; and the pupil is therefore requested to read with me the French text, without reference to the meaning of the words. The translation is then accurately learned, so that the pupil may render the English word into French, or the French into English. The accuracy of the pupil's knowledge is tested by his attempt to give the literal meaning of each French word without the assistance of the translation. His next effort is to read the French from the English, or, in other words, to translate the English into French. For this purpose, a piece of plain white paper is placed between the transparent leaf on which the English translation is printed, and the French text. When this can be done, the pupil finds, with great surprise, that he has obtained, in an exceedingly short period of time, a command of many French words; the difficulties which were at first feared, disappear; and he is encouraged to make a new and greater effort."

This little work certainly merits recommendation.

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*The Gatherer.*

*Importance of Dwarfs.*—"It should be known for what reason God created the great giants, and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he created the dwarfs because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs with wisdom and craft, that they could distinguish between good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems, that some of them gave strength to the wearer, and others made him invisible, which were called 'fog caps.' The reason why God created the giants, was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms, dragons and serpents, and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But, after some time, it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much havoc to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle size, between the dwarfs and giants. Among the dwarfs were many kings who had giants for their services."—*Preface to the "Book of Heroes."*

*Mortality in London.*—The number of deaths that occurred in London in 1697, was 21,000; in 1797, the number was only 17,000, notwithstanding the increase of the population. About the middle of the last century, the annual mortality in the same city was as high as 1 in 20; in 1830, it was 1 in 41.

*The Gospels used at the Coronations of Anglo-Saxon Kings.*—In the Cottonian Library of the British Museum, there is preserved a volume of great historical interest, being a manuscript of the four gospels written in the Latin language, respecting which, there is abundance of evidence to prove that it was at one period the property of King Athelstan: that it was presented by him to the cathedral of Canterbury; and that it was employed in the coronation services of the Anglo-Saxon kings. It is of the quarto size, and each of the four gospels has the first few words illuminated, and occupying an entire page, opposite to which is a drawing of the respective evangelist, in a very rude style of art.

*Commemoration of Burns.*—A festival in honour of the poet Burns, and to welcome his sons to the banks of the Doon, is to take place, near to the monument erected to his memory, about two miles from Ayr, on Tuesday, the 6th of next month, at which Lord Eglintoun, lord-lieutenant of the county, and Professor Wilson, are to preside.

*Art Unions.*—The bill, now in its progress, will legalise all past transactions, and provides, that on approval of the Board of Trade, any societies might in future be legalised after the 1st of January next.

*Dr. Wolff.*—Letters received from Trebizond announce that Dr. Wolff had arrived at Bokhara, and been well received. No particulars are given.

*Schools in France.*—Education was in a low state in France till the restoration of the Bourbon family, since which time it has become a government object, and made a rapid advance. The elementary schools instructed 737,369 pupils in 1815; in 1828, this number was raised to 1,500,000; being one-twentieth of the population. It is calculated that one-third of the people of France are unable to read or write.

*Comparative Honesty of Men and Women.*—Some crimes women are not, from various causes, liable to commit; but the gentler does not appear to be the honestest sex; for the proportion of female to male committals for theft without violence, is as 84 to 73 per cent., a difference of one-sixth against females.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence's Opinion on Mrs. Siddons.*—“There is a power of mind for which we seem to want a name: even that of Genius is inadequate. It is of a more close and compacted nature; heavier, therefore, and not so easily set in motion; but but once moved, progressively increasing in force as large and falling bodies acquire a velocity in proportion to the height they are dropped from. Mrs. Siddons is exactly of this stamp. The more she wills to do, the more she does. Give her but time in conversation, and a subject large enough

for her mind, and nothing of brilliancy or wit would stand against her; the more she advanced in it, the greater would be her power of advancing.”

*Cromwell and His Portrait.*—When Lely painted his portrait, Oliver ordered him to be faithful in representing every blemish or defect that he could discover. Cromwell's nose, which was remarkably red and shining, was the subject of much ridicule. Cleveland, a writer of the day, remarks:—“This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle whether she be lawfully begotten: but all in not gold that glistens.”

#### *On Captain Warner's blowing up Mr. Some's Ship.*

When Warner vowed his word to keep,  
And blow a ship up from the deep,

Men thought it but a hum.

But when her masts were seen to fall,  
Her sides sink in—'twas proved to all,  
No doubt remained with Some.

Should other actions do the same,  
When playing “war’s terrific game,”

We cannot mock the corner,

England, at least, has had her day,

And must acknowledge, come what may,  
That she has now a Warner.

*Letter Opening.*—The science of opening letters at the post-office is said to have been brought to great perfection, and that of resealing is equally so. We are told a score of spurious seals can be produced in a few minutes with the utmost precision. A cast of the original is taken in plaster of Paris. In the secret or inner bureau of the post-office, the appropriate apparatus for casting is always in readiness. It consists of a small cylindrical annular brass mould, about an inch in height, which opens and shuts like a bullet-mould. After the seal has been oiled, to prevent the plaster adhering, this mould is placed upon it, and the plaster of Paris, mixed in the usual way, is poured into it. In about five minutes it hardens or sets, as it is technically called; and in about as many minutes more, is fit for resealing the letter, which has been opened by the application of a hot iron to the seal. If a wafer has been used, a little hot water or steam removes it.

*A Magnetic Telegraph* is in operation between the cities of Washington and Baltimore. At half past 12 o'clock, the following was sent to Washington:—“Ask a reporter in Congress to send a despatch to the *Baltimore Patriot*, at 2 o'clock, p. m.” In about a minute, the answer came back thus:—“It will be attended to.” 2 p. m.—The despatch has arrived, and is as follows:—“1 o'clock—There has just been a motion in the house to go into committee of the whole on the Oregon territory. Rejected. Ayes, 79; noes, 86.” “Half-past 1 o'clock—The house is now engaged on private bills.” “Quarter to 2 o'clock—Mr.

Atherton is now speaking in the Senate. Mr. S. will not be in Baltimore to-night." So that Baltimore papers are thus enabled to give their readers information from Washington up to the very hour of going to press."—*New York Daily Sun*. [The distance between Baltimore and Washington is 34 miles.]

*Decoration of the New House of Lords.*—The Commissioners of Fine Arts have given a commission to six artists to execute cartoons, for the decoration of the House of Lords. The subject of Religion is given to Mr. Horsley; that of Justice to Mr. Thomas; that of Chivalry to Mr. Maclise; that of the Baptism of Ethelbert to Mr. Dyce; that of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V, acknowledging the authority of Chief-Judge Gascoigne, to Mr. Redgrave; that of Edward, the Black Prince, receiving the order of the Garter from Edward III, to Mr. Cope.

*A Banker's Wit.*—"There was a report," says Lord Eldon, in his *Anecdote Book*, "that the Duke of York said to Mr. Coutts, 'I think, sir, you have been my banker for more than twenty years;' and that Coutts replied, 'Your royal highness, I think, may be said to have been my banker during the whole of that time; as my money has been in your hands, not your money in mine.'"

*Proportion of the Sexes.*—Many millions of observations have been made upon births in the various countries of Europe, from which one uniform result appears, that about twenty-one boys are born for twenty girls.

"Who dares say the reverend Prelate lies?"—"I met," says Lord Eldon, "a prelate, who was at that time bishop of a see not very richly endowed, coming out of his majesty George the Third's closet at Buckingham House, as I was going into it. The king asked me if I did not very much like sincerity? I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'So does that prelate,' said the king, 'for he has just assured me, that he is perfectly content with his present preferment: he should wish, indeed, he said, to have Salisbury instead of it, but he added, that he so wished for no other reason whatever, but merely that he might have the honour of giving me a breakfast in my way to Weymouth. Can you,' he added, "believe that, when a bishop says it? I can't."

*Mortality in England.*—During the eighteen years, from 1813 to 1830, there were registered as buried in England and Wales 3,938,496 persons, of whom 1,942,301, were females.

*St. Giles's Mockery.*—"What are you beating that boy for?" said a gentleman, to a young Frog-todite of the Rookery: "you are too big for him. What has he done?" "Vy, he dropped his knife; I

picked it up, and now he wants me to give it him back again, and 'cos I von't, he's sarcy."

*Astronomy in the Thirteenth Century.*—The wildest notions prevailed on the subject of astronomy in the thirteenth century. Alberic, the monk of Trois Fontaines, speaks of *leaps* which he had seen the sun take. Other chroniclers told that the sun passed the night in lighting up purgatory; that the earth was sustained by water, by stones, the stones by the four evangelists, and they by the fire of the spirit. The universe was compared to an egg, the earth the yolk, the water the white, and the air the shell.

*Gover's Patent Removable Window-Sash.*—Some weeks since, we referred to this ingenious and highly useful domestic improvement, and commended it on the score both of convenience and safety. Since then, a model has been deposited with us, the duplicate of one lodged at the office of the Woods and Forests, where the invention has been highly approved. We shall have pleasure in exhibiting the model to any one interested in such matters, for a few days previous to its proposed removal to the Adelaide Gallery. We may mention that in the model left with us a modification has suggested itself to the inventor, by which the window may be made a very efficient medium of ventilation as well as light, viz., by adapting a wire gauze sash to be occasionally substituted for the glazed sash in a crowded assembly, or in very warm weather: a very commodious, and not very expensive, luxury, which is obviously incompatible with the present construction of window-frames.

*Invention of Spectacles.*—The *camera obscura* and spectacles are said to have been originally contrived by Roger Bacon. "In a manuscript of 1299," the author complains that he is no longer able to read without spectacles; and in a sermon preached in 1305, it is said that they were invented about twenty years before."—(Tiraboschi, t. iv. p. 196—199.)

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. A. C." is thanked for his suggestions. They, with his communications, will be immediately taken into consideration. The price of the volume to which he refers is 5s. 6d.

The sketch from the Greek Revolution is received.

Heroic poetry, with such words as *scenes* and *kings* for rhyme will not suit the "Mirror."

"Well-wisher." The engravings will be continued. The portrait of T. Attwood, M.P., and index, may be had separately, price 2d.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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